

THE LIGUORIAN



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TESTIMONIALS

"I don't want to miss a single number because I find this magazine most interesting."—St. Louis.

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"My little son and I profit by every number, we so enjoy it."

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THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practices*

Vol. XV.

APRIL, 1927

No. 4

Resurrection

"If ye be risen with Christ seek the things that are above."

As breaks the day o'er sun kissed eastern hills
All Nature wakes to greet with raptured thrills
The first glad Easter dawn.
When from the Tomb the Risen Christ appears
First fares He forth to dry His Mother's tears
And bid her grief begone.

Yet He whose Blood did guilty sinners lave
A sinner first made welcome at His Grave
Poor Magdalene forlorn.
Though dare I not with sinless Mary stay,
With Magdalene I wait and humbly pray
For joy of Easter morn.

With simple trust my Risen Lord I greet:
More bold than she I kiss His wounded feet
In deep repentant love.
Risen with Christ to earth's allurements dead,
I follow Him—to seek where love hath led
The things that are above.

C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey

THE LURE OF THE DARK

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

The pale young man seated by the fireplace in Father Casey's study appeared lost in a dream. Twice the priest had spoken without succeeding in calling him back to earth. Then a heavy book, elbowed from the table more by design than accident, tumbled to the floor. That broke the spell. The young man started, rubbed his bloodless hands, and looked about him in a bewildered sort of way much like one just waking from a deep sleep.

"A penny for your thoughts, Jerome," cried the priest.

"Father," he replied, "they would shock you."

"If they are bad thoughts," returned the priest sharply, "I am glad I did not waste my penny."

"On the contrary, they are good thoughts—noble thoughts. In your heart you would know them to be so, but officially you would perforce condemn them because they run contrary to the laws of the Church."

"You make me mildly curious, Jerome. First, are you not bound to respect the laws of the Church as well as I? Secondly, what can those thoughts be which are noble yet condemned? I have yet to learn that the Church disapproves of anything truly noble, whether in thoughts or in deeds."

"As a Catholic," replied the young man, "no doubt I am technically obliged to respect the laws of the Church as well as you, but frankly I have been losing my regard for them on account of her stand on this very matter. As for the thoughts—I was thinking of my sister as I saw her last night."

"In a dream?"

"No—in all reality."

"But, Bernard, your good sister has been dead these two months."

"Nevertheless, I saw her as surely as I now see you. It was in a spiritistic seance. Now you are shocked."

"No, not shocked, Bernard. From your restless and distracted state of mind, I had already half guessed that you had gone dabbling in the occult. I am not shocked, but I am pained."

"That one of your good boys has been cavorting with the evil one, eh, Father?" This with a superior and half pitying smile.

"Oh, no, Bernard. You have not been cavorting with the evil one. Even the devil does not make himself so cheap as some imagine. Many a poor dupe glories in the thought that he is doing a bold bad thing and talking with the devil, while in reality, he is only making an ass of himself and letting some trickster pull the wool over his eyes—and the shekels out of his pocket."

"Age of wonders!" cried the young man; "even Father Timothy Casey turned heretic! You can speak so slightly of this matter when you know the Church teaches that the disembodied spirits with whom we converse in a spiritistic seance are horrid demons transforming themselves into angels of light!"

"Bernard if the 'Church' heard what you are saying, she would answer in faultless Latin which I, perhaps, could not render nor you comprehend, but which, in current American, might be translated, 'Bunk'!"

"But the Church does teach that in spiritistic seances we converse with the devil."

"She teaches nothing of the kind."

"Then even a good Catholic can hold that the devil is not at all mixed up in spiritism?"

"No," returned Father Casey, "he cannot hold anything of the kind. A good Catholic or, for that matter, a good Protestant or a good man of any kind who believes the revealed word of God and the teaching of experience, knows the devil is mixed up in everything we do, even in our holiest actions. He is the sworn enemy of man and still more the sworn enemy of God. He does all he is allowed, in all times and in all places, to lead man to offend God, and thus ruin man and insult God. He mixes himself up in everything, in the community prayers of holy nuns as well as in the occult rites of a spiritistic seance."

"And no more in the one than in the other?"

"Hold on, Bernard. You are always jumping too far. I did not say that. Indeed, it is the last thing I should think of saying. The devil is a trickster, a liar, a deceiver. He is a spirit with intelligence far superior to that of the most learned man that ever lived. He has studied human motives and human conduct for six thousand years. There is no man living whom he could not deceive and lead astray if he were not restrained. But, thanks to God's fatherly care of us, he is restrained. He is a dog chained to a post. Despite his ferocity, he can hurt none but those who are so foolish as to put themselves within

the reach of his fangs. He can bark at everybody, but he can bite only those who want to be bitten. Or rather he is a cowardly cur snarling and snapping at a defenseless child. He will not dare touch the child so long as it stays near its father, but the moment it rashly leaves the protecting side of its father, he will attack it. While you prudently avoid unnecessary dangers of sin, God protects you from the devil, but when you rashly venture into unnecessary occasions of sin, you forfeit God's protection. If sin results—and it almost always results—it comes partly from your own evil inclinations and partly from the solicitations of the devil. To what exact extent the one or the other influences you, we do not know, and it is idle to guess. This holds for any occasion of sin—a sin against justice, a sin against temperance, a sin against purity, a sin against faith."

"And so you hold, Father, that a spiritistic seance is just like any other occasion of sin; therefore, if I know—"

"Wait a moment; I am coming to that. A spiritistic seance is an occasion of sin—of sin of various kinds. And it is more; it is a virtual invitation to the devil to busy himself with you. Therefore, if there is ever a time when the devil is at liberty to use his craft for your overthrow, it is when you rashly take part in a spiritistic seance."

"You mean that he takes the form of a dead person and talks to us?"

"He *could* do so. You virtually invite him to do it. You leave the protecting shadow of God and rashly throw yourself into the proximate occasion of sin. In fact, you actually sin, for you disobey a strict law of the Church. What more natural than for the devil to accept your impious invitation and come to toy with you? If he comes, will he appear in his own hideous reality and thus frighten you back to God? Even a man would know better than to defeat his own purpose so stupidly, much less such a highly intelligent spirit as the devil. He finds you ready to believe that a dear one from the other world is coming to converse with you. What an ideal opportunity for the lying devil! He can take the form of that dear one you are so eagerly expecting. He can speak to you of intimate matters known to no other human being but yourself and that departed one and thus strengthen your belief in the apparition. He can begin in a pious strain that will still further mislead you. He can whet your appetite for further meetings of this kind. And then, in his own good time, he can insinuate doubts and suggestions that will gradually undermine your faith. Further-

more, since he is essentially a malignant spirit and cannot desist from harming everything he touches, he will also, most likely, unbalance your mind and impair your health. I say, the devil *could* do all this. But even the devil does not cheapen himself. He is tolerably sure of the spiritistic fanatic without going beyond his ordinary process of temptation."

"Is that your explanation of the phenomena of spiritism?"

"Enlighten me, Bernard. What am I understand by 'the phenomena of spiritism'?"

"The things that are seen and heard and done in a spiritistic seance."

"I am not so foolish as to try to explain a thing until I know what the thing is which I am trying to explain. I do not know what is seen and said and done in a spiritistic seance."

"I can tell you. First of all—"

"No, my boy, you cannot tell me. You can tell me what you think you saw in the seances you have attended. You were in a darkened room, amid ghostly surroundings, keyed up to a high pitch of nervous expectation, surrounded by others in the same overwrought state, commanded and directed by a professional who had every motive for making you think you were conversing with the dead. What sensible man could put credence in your testimony under such circumstances? If the spiritist has something to show us, let him come out in open day in God's clear sunlight, in the presence of calm and unbiased observers. After this it will be time to ask us how we explain his phenomena—if any."

"If nobody knows what the phenomena of spiritism are, why," demanded Bernard, "does the Church pass judgment on them?"

"She does not. The Church has more important business than to be following up every sword swallower and prestidigitator in order to discover some rare case of direct diabolical manifestation."

"She must have passed judgment upon these phenomena," he persisted, "for she has made laws concerning them. Only a moment ago you said that whoever rashly participates in a spiritistic seance, violates a strict law of the Church."

"Quite true. She does not try to know what is done in a spiritistic seance, but she does know what spiritistic seance pretends to be, and she does know the spiritual, mental, and physical harm so often suffered by those who frequent such seances. And so she tells her children to stay away."

"There is the inconsistency again," cried Bernard pettishly; "the Church forbids me to go to a seance to speak with the spirit of my dead sister. We were companions in misfortune, treated like outcasts in our own home by a stepmother and her children. This unkindness bound us two all the more closely together. We were all in all to each other. Her death left me desolate and friendless. The Church denies me the only solace in my sorrow—conversation with her disembodied spirit, but she allows priests to experiment with spiritism out of mere idle curiosity."

"The Church allows nobody, whether priest or layman, to dabble in the occult to the danger of his soul. But spiritism is a loose word of varying signification. Sometimes it is taken to include such things as telepathy, thought transfer, animal magnetism, hypnotism. Some of these things may be the operation of merely natural forces. Natural forces are the lawful field of science. The Church is never opposed to true science. She allows scientific men of tried faith and prudence, whether priests or laymen, honest seekers after truth, not thrills, to experiment with things which may be merely natural, in order to make new contributions to the knowledge of mankind. But always they must make the solemn protestation that, if the evil one has any hand in the results they are trying to produce, they absolutely do not want these results."

"If I make the same protestation before calling my sister's spirit, there would be no wrong in it for me either."

"There would, for three reasons: First, because your protestation would not be honest. You have gone so far along this forbidden path that you want to see what you consider the shade of your sister, no matter by what power it is summoned. Secondly, the result you seek is beyond natural power. It is Catholic teaching that the souls of the dead can return to this world only when sent by God in a miraculous manner. Thirdly, if you are not the victim of a clever trickster—as there is every reason to believe you are—then you are the willing toy of the evil one. If you really see a spirit—I do not think you do—but if you really see a spirit, it is an evil spirit. Your saintly sister, God rest her, would not be sent back to earth by God at the caprice of a medium of doubtful morality. And even if she were, she, who prized the teachings of her only religion above all else, would not make the ambiguous statements which have already partly undermined your faith."

The young man had risen and, with unsteady steps, made his way to the door.

"The seance is on and—I *must* see her." And he hurried out into the night.

ALL DEPENDS ON WHO IT IS

One day a dude, highly perfumed and daintily powdered, was walking along the streets of Paris. He was seeking to attract attention. Pride was evident in every step he took. Content with himself, he was bent only on "showing off." Suddenly he was struck by a snowball thrown apparently from behind. He wheeled about, angry and cursing and threatening dire things to the thrower. He even put his hand to his pocket and drew forth a tiny pistol—to take revenge! Vainly did he seek the thrower. Look as he might, listen as he did, no one seemed to be around. He started his promenade again. Hearing a titter, he looked about again. Yet he saw no one in the street. Finally the titter grew louder and seemed to come from above. Lifting his eyes to scan the sides of the building he saw a pretty face peering down at him and a fair hand lifted as if about to throw another snowball. His face changed. Now he was friendly and with a bow and salute he offered his back for another blow.

It all depends on who happens to be the thrower. The ever-growing radio-audience of the Sunday preachers seems to be supremely delighted when one of these ministers strikes home. He has the stuff, they say. And these same people will grow exceedingly angry when they are upbraided by their legitimate pastor for a neglect of their duty!

This same audience is also delighted when the faults made public hit "the other fellow." Little do they stop to think that the preacher might be talking to them!

Let a Catholic priest, whoever he may be, say things one-half as striking or one-half as sharp and they are up in arms.

It all depends on who happens to throw!

He is truly great who has great charity.

"The proud and covetous are never at rest."—*Imit.*

"Do what thou canst, and God will be with thy good will."—*Imit.*

And Now They Whisper Saint

Chap.V. WHEN HEAVEN GIVES

C.Ss.R.

"She brake the box and all the house was filled
With waftures from the fragrant store thereof."

—*Father Tabb.*

There are only two stanzas to the poem. The first you read casually—surely casually, perhaps sleepily. Even a hard-pressed magazine editor desperately confronted with a corner plot of page to be seeded with print—even he, most tolerant of humankind, would probably crunch the manuscript in his ink-stained fingers, growl a withering editorial oath, and piratically fling the paper adrift on his billowing wastebasket.

That is the first stanza. It deserves no better fate. But stanza the second! It brings you to the edge of your chair. Brightens your eye. Starts a smile of appreciation round your lips. For in this second quatrain, cut with the grace and daintiness of a cameo, Father Tabb is striking a touching parallel. As Magdalen, he sings, for love of Christ broke the alabaster jar and filled the house with its redolent perfume, so Christ in gratitude to Magdalen, broke asunder His sealed sepulchre and filled the world with the fragrance of a God's love.

That's just a highly poetical concept of a very sober fact. The fact? God never allows Himself to be outdone in generosity. Lord Somebody—his lordship will pardon our perforated memory—once cynically observed, with a twirl of a well-waxed mustachio, that he wished he were as sure of anything as Macaulay was of everything. We genially assure milord (or rather his ghost, for these hundred years milord has been quietly recumbent in the ancestral vault) that at last we have something on which his lordship might safely stake his coronet. May we repeat that God never allows Himself to be outdone in generosity? For the widow's mite—and the widow's goodwill—He gives away Heaven. For the few hellish minutes where the flames snap angry red jaws at the martyr's breast, He bestows an eternity of serene, unbounded bliss. "More Generous Than God" might be a fine flaring title for a modern novel; but such a caption would be as far from truth as such a novel would probably be from literature.

But this isn't a defense of Divine Philanthropy. That would be only setting a tin soldier to guard Gibraltar anyway. The question

before us—and the question that starts up like a bursting rocket, is: How did this so generous God reward Father John Neumann? Surely such toil, such sacrifice, such sanctity were not to go unrequited—even in this life. When a man takes his human heart in his hands and presses it painfully till the last black drop of self oozes guiltily out; when a man unflinchingly lays the torch to all his lusts till his heart is but an urn holding the ashes of his dead self; when a man gives and gives and counts not the giving—then God sends flights of angels searching heaven for its best and richest gift.

Neumann was such a man. Neumann received such a gift.

To most men the autumn of 1840 had nothing extraordinary about it. The poet walked abroad, and in the bright-gowned leaves saw millions of gay little masqueraders eager to be whirled away in the wild dance of the wind. The farmer complacently surveyed his colossal pumpkins, lying here and there like junked suns. Mellow and serene, the fall rolled on; but to the little priest in the little Niagara shanty it brought more than color-splashed hills and barn-bursting produce. It brought his reward—after the priesthood, God's best gift. Earth hasn't got it; earth can't give it; it must come from heaven; and when it comes men call it *Vocation*.

"Leave the world," that silent, Divine Voice had whispered. "Shake its dust from your feet. Knock at the door of the cloister. Be a religious; make your home under the same roof with Me, your God. Be a Redemptorist, another Redeemer. In the convent live the hidden life I lived at Nazareth; abroad, preach as I preached during my brief years before men." So rang the call, and Neumann, without a pause, cried out a joyous "Adsum!"

Autumn, gay-liveried lackey, was just ushering in Winter, snow-ermined liege, when Father John Nep. Neumann enrolled himself as a Novice of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Now, great men have spoken favorably of this institute; prelates have lauded it and laymen admired it; more than one pope has been its panegyrist. But the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer never received a more gratifying commendation than when a saint of John Neumann's metal and stamp entered its black-robed battalions to wage the war of the Lord.

First of course, he must be a Novice. *Novice*. The word rings up the curtain in the little theater that Carlyle insisted every man carried under his hat. Discovered, your ordinary conception of a Novice.

Youth, holy, humble, all but haloed. Eyes modestly lowered, lips devoutly praying, feet softly treading cloister floors. Piety's other self. Silent, rarely speaking; contemplative, rarely active; secluded, rarely leaving sheltering convent walls.

To this traditional portrait of a novice Father Neumann's period of probation presents a contrast that would make a Novice Master shudder. Twelve domiciles in fourteen months, while an itinerary commendable enough in the diary of a missionary, in a novice is quite appalling. Our astonishment leaps higher when we hear that during the greater part of his Novitiate, Father Neumann was his own Novice-Master, thereby accomplishing the rare gymnastic performance of sitting at his own feet. The Congregation in America was too young, times were too unsettled, and funds much too low to permit the establishment of a regular Novitiate. Besides those of a practical turn of mind might have gently urged the objection that there were no novices. Father Neumann was the first; and he was trained in the sturdy school of the active life. In the mission-pulpit thundering the "Thou Shalt Nots" of Sinai; dwelling with terrible directness on the certainty of Death, the inevitableness of Judgment, the eternity of Hell. At the bedside of the sick, consoling, reconciling, encouraging; pressing the Crucifix to the clammy lips of the dying. In the confessional, binding up the broken-hearted—a Good Samaritan waiting and watching on the broad highway of sin.

To another Novice all this hurry and bustle might have been fatal. Old religious will tell you, with much shaking of heavy head and tremulous pointing of shriveled finger, that too much of Martha and too little of Mary never yet made a perfect priest. That a novitiate is necessary to ground a man in the inner life. We are the very last to dispute these principles—if your postulant is an ordinary man without previous spiritual training. But who so much the martinet as to throw a general into the awkward squad? Would you set a skilled surgeon to rolling bandages? Teach a master musician his scales? Of course not. Absurd. You might as well relegate a University Doctor to a place among the Buster-Brown collars and hair-ribbons of the Kindergarten. No; Father Neumann had had his Novitiate. In the Seminary, for six years. For four more in the wilderness of Niagara. Under such eminent Novice-Masters as Grim Poverty, Hardship, Solitude, Calumny, Disease. No smooth, rubber-tired, ball-bearing fitted ascetical education this, but a rough and rugged "Abe Lincoln in the log-cabin" schooling.

But the scholar came out of it a master in the spiritual life, a Gamaliel in Israel, a degreed doctor in the science of the saints.

Humility, simplicity, zeal—these are the Redemptoristic virtues; and where would you find them blooming so tall and strong and fair as in the fruitful heart of Father Neumann? The Redemptoristic life rigorous? But what hardships did they endure that he had not endured greater? Vows? As a priest he was sworn to Chastity; as a friend of the Carpenter's Son he had pledged himself to Poverty. There could be nothing else. Why he was a Redemptorist already.

But there *was* something else. A sacrifice that for what it gives and what it costs makes the philanthropist who flourishes his handsome pen across a check-book and signs away a million, look rather tame. A sacrifice that for sheer self-abandonment and deliberate self-suppression has not been surpassed since the night Christ groaned out in His bloody sweat: "Father, not My will, but Thine be done" A surrender, a wrenching from the bosom and flinging forth of the thing a man hugs to his heart when all else is gone—his own sweet, free, independent *Will*.

The writer knows a prison (the reader will charitably surmise that the acquaintance is rather casual) where every night of the year the Silver Screen regales the men whose taste in raiment runs so uniformly in favor of prison gray. However, if the inmate happens to be a bit blase and doesn't quite fancy the evening's feature, he need not pace his cell like a caged panther, nor fashion a crude dagger from the shank of his shoe, nor yet dash his brains against the wall—the grizzly alternatives left him in the old convict novel. Now, he need simply connect his radio plug, clap the phones over his ears, fling himself on his cot, and let the orchestras of the country swing their bows and toot their saxophones for his entertainment and entrancement.

But this, be it noted, for all its movies and all its radio, is a prison, and the inmates prisoners. All the little amusements and all the trifling diversions in the world can never balance the lack of Something that is missing, the Thing that makes a man a man—liberty, freedom, mastership of one's own actions. To be sole monarch over the realm of self. To be iron ruler of the provinces "I will" and "I will not"—there you have man's deepest instinct, best-loved privilege, most jealous right. It was just this—this personal independence so dear to the human heart, that John Neumann gave up of his own accord by the vow of Obedience. To do this, do that, at another's bid. To wear himself

out in weary work, or rust away in dull inaction—just as another pleases. All this, for the love of God. If the reader is one of those generous souls accustomed now and then to drop an offering in the poor-box of the nation's thought, we take the liberty of suggesting a contribution here.

As far as we know, there is no Redemptorist calendar. It is still far down on the list of unpublished possibilities. But if ever it is rumored in our ears that some enterprising individual is meditating such a production, we shall humbly petition gold lettering for the sixteenth of January. For on that day (1842 was the year and St. James', Baltimore, was the church) a little priest knelt before the Tabernacle, and quietly began: "I, John Neumann," and went on through the venerable formula to vow to be poor, and pure, and obedient, and to be a Redemptorist all the days of his life. Then he took his trembling hand from the Gospel-Book, genuflected, and left the sanctuary. That was all. There were no peals of joyous bells as ring out at the birth of princes. But for all that, a prince *had* been born—born with the blood royal of sainthood running rich in his veins. And the Queen-Mother, the American Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, laboring in the throes of pioneer hardships, blessed God for such a firstborn—proud boast of her maternal heart, golden omen of a teeming progeny, shining model to all that long line of American Redemptorists who were to follow after him in the quiet, shadowy byroad of the hidden life.

The two following years of Father Neumann's life may be capsulized into two small sentences, though the good he accomplished in them might not have been achieved by another in two lifetimes. The Redemptorist Rectory at Baltimore was his residence, but this was only headquarters, supply-base for a wide field of missionary operations. All over Maryland, of course. Into Virginia occasionally. Often up through Pennsylvania. By horse, by clattering stage, even by sluggish canal-boat.

The Railroad had not yet spun its spider-web of steel across the American Continent. In fact, one writer, evincing a rather dashing disregard for mere facts, unabashedly asks us to believe that the only American railway then in existence was the tiny line between Baltimore and Frederick. From this you might absorb the impression that said railway was of the Toonerville Trolley variety. That every morning the wheezy little locomotive steamed doubtfully out of Baltimore. That it rumbled and swayed the sixty-odd miles to Frederick. That, arriv-

ing there and finding itself so far from home, it became fearfully frightened. That it snorted and puffed frantically; swung around and raced back for its terminal. Not quite so bad as that. Railroad magnates, it is true, weren't as yet snugly enthroned behind carved oak desks, comfortably computing next year's dividends. But they weren't sitting on soap boxes, either. The shining steel rail was just coming into its own. Travel *on* it wasn't the luxurious parlor-car affair it can be made today; and travel *off* it was decidedly primitive and toilsome.

But it is precisely this hardship of travel that draws our gaze to a previously unsuspected element in Neumann's character. A new strand is stealing into the fabric. Here for the first time he shows himself the strategist, and a smiling, successful strategist at that. Somehow or other—no one could ever say why—the longest journeys, the hardest missionary assignments, invariably fell to the lot of Neumann. Now there are such things as coincidences, but when the lightning strikes twenty times in the same spot most men begin to suspect. So did Neumann's confreres. They hinted rather pointedly that it was strange—very strange—that every distant expedition, every unenviable journey should fall to him. Didn't he think it somewhat odd himself? Er—er, he didn't have anything to do with it, of course. And Father Neumann would look mildly indignant, as injured innocence should (though what right *he* had to look that way is hard to discern) and then laughingly observe that it didn't make much difference anyway. The hard trips didn't bother *him*. He was a "strong Bohemian mountain-boy." Why, they were his by natural right!

All of which was more poetry than truth, and we can't see any poetry. "Strong Bohemian mountain-boy!" The phrase rings bravely enough and vaguely suggests tossing around anvils for sport; but in cold reality it was nothing but a mask, a bold front, a saint's smiling excuse for carrying other men's burdens. True, once he had been what he claimed; but that was before Williamsville. Whatever hardy strength the bracing hills of Bohemia had given him, the woodlands of Niagara took back in heavy toll. Into that marshy, malarial wilderness he went, rugged as a peasant, sturdy as a man of steel; out of that wilderness he came, the gaunt, stark shadow of the man he was, his health shattered, his haggard frame a prey to an intermittent fever that clung to him till death.

Now here this little priest, a frail shell of a man, all his strength in his flaming heart, crawls out of his wasting marshland a human

wreck, and then with an adroitness of management that would have gained an approving smile from Machiavelli, proceeds to create for himself a monopoly of the longest journeys and the hardest work! How small it makes one feel to crouch in the shadow of a great, large-souled man like this. We so hale and hearty, draw back whimpering from the lightest ailment; he, shattered and weak and worn, gayly maneuvers to have the heaviest pack strapped to his shoulders. Perhaps our head throbs. Or our eyes are weary. Or the monotony of daily drudgery is hanging about us like a dismal fog. Forthwith our staggering disorders are chuted into every sympathetic ear in the vicinity.

Most of us (patience—we'll be down from the pulpit directly) as soon as we feel a little cross on our shoulder, take it out into a metaphorical woodshed and energetically break it up for distribution among our friends. Or we immediately sweep the horizon for a half-dozen Cyreneans to help us carry it and a few Veronicas to bathe our brow. Christ didn't. Neither did Neumann. He knew that most hearts have bumper crops of sorrow every year without him scattering any seeds. He realized that there was misery enough in the world without establishing himself as a licensed distributor.

Still, he had his troubles. Be quite sure of that. And being human, very human, he had to tell them to someone. So he looked about—he didn't have to look far—and what do you know? He found a Listener who had been listening to tales like his for two thousand years, a Fellow-Sufferer who knew what pain was from the memory of biting lash and crunching nails. Christ in the Tabernacle. You're wondering what he said to Jesus? How he talked to Him of little sorrows and disappointments, little aches and ills? Steal into the Church; drop quietly into the pew behind him. There, he doesn't dream you're near. Now, listen.

"Dear Lord, my throat is sore today, but I thank Thee for it. Amen."

Simple? Yes. It might not even get into a child's prayer book. But here's wagering it broke into the heart of God!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Real happiness is in good moral living. There is no OLD age for those whose lives have been loyal; no disappointment, in poverty or wealth, for those that have not found disappointment in each other.

The Student Abroad

PEARL OF THE EAST

J. W. BRENNAN, C.Ss.R.

There is a strong element of the dramatic in any approach from the sea. No matter how insignificant the place or how unfavorable the situation, the mysterious mist-covered horizon broken faintly by roofs and terraces, stretching delicately between sea and sky never fails to monopolize attention—almost hypnotize the beholder. And then there is the absence of smoke and dust, of harsh, grating noises, of bumping and hustling that invariably accompanies an arrival on land. But when the place is Constantinople—the dramatic attains its fullest perfection.

The shoreline to the west seems to develop. The long, straggling, brilliant colored houses of Kadi Kevi grow more distinct as the steamer glides steadily toward its port. There is a faint break, then the seven hills of the Rome of the Orient break out against the sky. And in the foreground, and rising majestically above the surrounding buildings, the clustered minarets and undulating cupolas of the Mosque Sultan Ahmed and of Saint Sophia introduce us to the Capital of Islam.

As we draw nearer, the massed edifices in the background take clearer shape. Colored buildings, brilliant but divested of all possibility of harshness by the mellow rays of the afternoon sun and the effect of the rare atmosphere, white kiosks and balconied palaces, marble structures all bearing the characteristic impress of Oriental architecture, with patches of deep green from thick clusters of cypress trees to break the monotony and add more color, minarets—myriads of them rising from the hundreds of mosques that cater to the piety of the Moslem—and over all, the limpid blue of the Oriental sky; it is a scene to ravish the imagination and hold it permanently captive.

Each moment during the arrival brings new vistas. Passing the curious Tower of Leander on our right—a stone tower in the form of a lighthouse ninety feet high and built on a submerged rock, our ship swings around the point marking the extremity of Stamboul or Turkish Constantinople and slowly halts at its moorings just off the shores of Christian Constantinople or Pera. Between the two winds the Golden Horn, a body of water capable of holding a thousand good sized ships. Over it, the world-famous bridge of Galata extends, connecting the

two sections—or better, the two cities that make up the metropolis we call Constantinople.

The harbor presents a busy scene as our boat reaches its moorings. On either side, long, rather low and very speedy ferryboats dash to and from their bases along the Galata bridge to the chief small town south toward the Sea of Marmora or East along the Bosphorus. Smaller craft of all designs and sizes cluster around the larger ships anchored in the harbor. Our own boat soon becomes the lodestone for a flock of skiffs, the owners of which soon change the refreshing stillness into a clamor of jargon while they bid for trade. It seems as though every language under the sun is represented in the medley. And no wonder, for we are now on the dividing line between East and West. Yet busy as it seems, I was told that the commercial activity of the Constantinople of today is but a shadow of what it was before the war. There, my informant stated, where we now had a half dozen European liners at anchor, there would have been a score. Then, too, Constantinople was the Capital of Turkey, and so united to its manifold interests of historic value the prestige attached to the first city of a modern empire. But today—Mustapha Kemal has made Angora the capital and Constantinople has lost much. It seems now to be more of a Mecca for tourists, a gigantic museum of mediaeval history and oriental architecture than anything else. Still, it remains the Pearl of the East.

The usual passport nuisance ended, everybody gathered at the rails to enjoy the novelty as well as the beauty of the place. Here the Moslem fez was conspicuous by its absence, one of the results of Mustapha Kemal's modernizing process. The hardy, seagoing skiffs propelled by huge oars with handles that looked like elongated balloons, bounced restlessly on the water. A breeze had sprung up, making the journey ashore more than usually interesting. However, only those who were to remain at Constantinople could go ashore that evening, they being given the preference in making landing accommodations.

Among those disembarking were three sisters of the Dames de Sion, returning to take up their work anew in their convent schools. They have several large convents in Constantinople and its vicinity and in addition to their life of prayer, especially for the conversion of Jews, they do heroic work by word and example in providing education not only for scattered Christian girls but also for large numbers of Musselmans and Jews.

The clanging dinner-gong breaks the farewells, and while the sun

sets over the minarets of Stamboul, we hurry through the choicest specimens offered by the choicest of French cuisine. The attraction, however, of this novel city is irresistible. Coffee is omitted—napkins folded at a double-quick and in record time all hands had returned to the rail.

Dark, deep Oriental darkness had added its sombre background to that of the valleys and streets of the city—to throw into fairyland relief the mutlitude of lights from balcony and tower and plaza. And overhead—amid the crowded stars, a full moon riding like a ship at anchor in a sea of deepest blue. I do not recall when I ever beheld a scene with more bewitching beauty.

Fit time and place for reflection. A cozy deck chair pulled up to the rail, a cool pipe with good English tobacco, blessed solitude and retrospective dreams! So pass the hours far into the night, the spell of the witchery growing with each passing minute.

What scenes these shores have witnessed: what tales those sombre hills crowned with marble palaces and remnants of mediaeval fortification could tell. Even Rome, I dare say, can hardly rival Constantinople in the number and variety of vicissitudes that comprise its history. Rome, at times, sank to comparative political insignificance—Constantinople never. Even today, stripped by the outcome of the World War of much of its prestige, it remains what it has ever been, at once the Eastern gate to Europe and the Western frontier of the Orient: strategically, politically, historically the pupil of the world's eye.

Rome traces its foundation to 753 B. C., and the naivete of the tracing sometimes causes the historian to smile. Constantinople came into being in 658 B. C. and the origin is not smothered in legend. On the contrary, the sequence of records attesting the city's antiquity are only too often marked out in crimson blood. From the very foundation of the city down to the present day, its history is an almost continuous account of strife. Under Darius, the Persians took possession of this natural fortress, only to see it pass into other hands when Pausanias took it in 479 B. C. In the same period, it was the center of attacks from the Huns and from the Huns and Slavs. Xenophon and his famous Ten Thousand passed through it on their historic return from Persia. Alexander the Great made it one of his chief objectives in the lightning sweep of conquest that brought the best part of the known world beneath this scepter. The Romans tried to conquer it and failed, whereupon it became a free city, though practically Roman.

Roman diplomacy was not second to Roman military skill. When the one failed, the other could be relied on to succeed.

The moon rises higher and higher over the city, and we linger on and on, gazing at the fascinating sight as recollection follows recollection. We refill our pipe, relight it almost unconsciously, and it seems as though we can see the massed legions thronging across the rolling waves of the bay, weapons gleaming, and eyes aglow with the prospect of new conquest. Even the hoarse shouts that occasionally resound across the waters from the darkened shores are transformed in fancy into the barbaric cries of war and victory of the ages past. What a city!

How the pendulum of history has swung. From Oriental supremacy under Darius and Xerxes, to mid-European power under Alexander the Great, to Roman under the Cæsars; ever westward. With Roman rule, attention was drawn from the eastern metropolis, for all roads, artistic, political as well as military, led to Rome in those days. And so Rome grew and prospered and Constantinople lingered in comparative desuetude, until the coming of the new era in the progress of the world under Constantine the Great, when the pendulum was thrust backward at the imperious command of the new ruler of the world; the city of the East was rebuilt, refurnished, reorganized as befitted the new capital of the greatest empire of modern times and its name now changed from Byzantium, the name it had held till this time, to the name of the Emperor himself, and so it became Constantinople.

And what a boomerang, the methods of conquerors can become. Greedy, vain rulers had stripped the world to embellish Rome, and Rome shone for over two centuries in borrowed splendor. Constantine stripped Rome to embellish his new capital. Brains, brawn and beauty, personal and material, were taken over to the new capital in the East; Rome was bled to give life to the other now decrepit city, and Rome unable to stand the drain on its life-strength, sank, never to regain the political power it had once possessed. But divested of the distracting material elements of its former splendor, Rome was able to turn its attention to the spiritual, and so while it died to the world, it grew to God, and became a new capital, the capital of the world's civilization, the now recognized center of Christianity. Why will historians write balderdash when the ruined monuments and the imperishable granite remains of the eras that have gone, continually give them the lie?

Somewhere over in the darkness, a muezzin is raising his shrill

voice to call the faithful Moslem to prayer. Others take up the cry and the weird reecho for a few minutes. The last call of the day. How many are listening to it; how many are obeying its command? For the rumblings of the religious volcano are perceptible and a few smaller eruptions have already taken place. Liberalism and "modernism" have penetrated the East as well as the West. Mustapha Kemal represents modern progress and Mohammedanism is reactionary. But the muezzin continues to chant his cry to prayer from the little balcony high up on the minaret.

More reflections; it seems as though the magic night is conjuring up all the history we have ever studied or read. The cinema of memory now presents the serried ranks of the Crusaders storming the walls, clamoring through the narrow streets, slashing their blood-strewn way to the citadel and finally in the glory of triumph, investing the heroic Baldwin of Flanders as King of Constantinople. Then more war and confusion, followed by the Greek; then civil war, then John Palaeologus and partial triumph for the Turk, then Mohammed II and final conquest and the transformation of Saint Sophia into a mosque. This world-famous basilica had been built by Constantine. Symbol of Christianity, no wonder the Moslem could choose no better sign of his supremacy than to transform it into a place of Moslem worship. And so it has remained, even to this day—the day of European triumph in the World War.

How thought leads to thought! The time speeds on, the night advances, but the occasion will never come again. Saint Sophia! The very name changes the channel of the stream of recollection and a host of new memories crowd to the front. Tempestuous as the political history of Constantinople has been, it is more than balanced by the tenor of its religious history. Again, the story is one of strife. Arians, Iconoclasts, and a series of schisms relieve effectually its early and mediaeval periods of any semblance of the monotony of peace. Even before the final break between the Greeks and Rome, about nineteen patriarchs had already been schismatics. The final separation, begun by Photius in the ninth century and completed by Michael Caerularius in 1054, was to become the most momentous historic movement till the rise of Protestantism. As usual, politics played a leading part in the religious upheaval, and the trend of politics seems to have affected its final influence and permanence. For since the World War and the downfall of the Czar, till then the head of the Greek Church, the

movement has reversed its direction; and the prayer of the Vicar of Christ and his children throughout the world, that "there may be but One Fold and one Shepherd" seems likely to be answered soon.

Sleep finally comes and we drag our feet unwillingly from the view. Still, we are not allowed to forget even in sleep, where we are. Through the night, the shouts of sailors and the cries of amusement seekers on land, and in the early morning, the call of the muezzins serve as effective reminders.

The expedition ashore is an experience never to be forgotten and rarely if ever to be duplicated. There is the tedious though somewhat interesting wait at a moneychanger's office while specimens of the various coinages carried by our international party are changed into coin of the realm of Turkey. Then there is the journey over the bridge of Galata to Stamboul or the Turkish city. A ride in a Turkish street-car follows and a visit to the most famous places, including above all the basilica-mosque of Saint Sophia.

At the entrance to the mosque, we are provided with clumsy sandals that slip on over our shoes. This to avoid the inconvenience of removing our shoes. The effect is rather grotesque. Any man surfeited with dignity or filled with the knowledge of his own importance should try those sandals then attempt to walk nonchalantly over reed-carpets or heavy rugs. A cure is guaranteed.

The mosque of Saint Sophia, model of Byzantine architecture and the pattern after which practically all mosques have been fashioned since it was acquired by Mohammed II, is as deceptive as it is beautiful. So perfect are its proportions, so graceful its lines, that one finds it impossible to form a correct idea of its greatness at first glance. Like St. Peter's in Rome, the edifice grows on the beholder. At first it seems to be merely a vast hollow, the shell consisting of marble and stone. Then under the guidance of the Armenian Jesuit who is directing this phase of the trip, details are pointed out, and a more exact idea begins to form. The several rows of arched colonnades, each supporting a balcony, each showing the same general lines of the whole structure and at the same time, each possessing an architectural feature all its own, lead the eye of the beholder upward to where the last arches blend and the final sweep of the curved ceiling spans in one superb arc, the entire structure. On the walls, of course, are Arabic inscriptions from the Koran, but our reverend guide takes delight in pointing out how the adroit skill of the Christian builder defied future

desecrators of the edifice. Sure enough, the worst malice of the Moslem could never efface the Christian symbols built into the structure. Characteristic of the Byzantine, the sign of the cross is discernible everywhere. Toward one end, we see what used to be the sanctuary and the place of the altar. Now, the Mihrab, placed a trifle to one side of the center, marks the direction of Mecca. On the opposite side, and somewhat elevated is the balcony from which the Emperor used to hear Mass. At present, I believe, it is used by Turkish rulers when attending the mosque.

Over the windows in this section of the basilica, the traces of the old Byzantine pictures of the Blessed Virgin and Our Lord can be discerned through the Turkish decoration that had been placed over them. At sight of these dim vestiges one could only pray that the day will come when this monument to Christianity will revert to its original owners.

The other beautiful mosque, Sultan Ahmed, which we had admired from the steamer, proved another treat. In this case, since it had been built as a mosque and not transformed from a Christian church, we could study Mohammedan architecture better without feeling the resentment one naturally feels when viewing the tragedy of Saint Sophia. Here the Moslems were at prayer when we entered. Long lines of them, barefooted, faced the niches indicating the direction of Mecca. Among the various groups, one or the other would recite the prescribed prayers aloud, the rest following in unison as we could see from the uniformity of the prostrations. Others, however, performed their orisons in private. Others again, evidently at leisure, were seated, cross-legged, on the broad, low, divan-structures located near the various entrances, engaged in reading the Koran. Occasionally women passed by carefully holding their black veils over their faces as they passed these Christian infidels.

Following this, we made a visit to the Museum of Oriental Antiquities. This was a treat, but a treat with a tinge of unpleasant realization. One has but to begin to appreciate the historic and educational value of the contents of such a collection to realize how short is the time at his disposal. Two objects stand out even now in memory with more than ordinary vividness. One is the sarcophagus of Alexander the Great, the most delicately carved piece of marble I have ever seen. On each of the four sides of the immense tomb, scenes from battles in which the hero took place are carved, each detail being worked out with

meticulous exactness. And the cover, slightly raised above the rest of the tomb, was beautiful beyond description. In addition to the carving, the artist or artists who wrought the marvel, tinted the work. The delicate colors and the exquisite sculpturing make the whole an artistic production perhaps without equal in its kind.

The other feature was the original stone found in 1880 at the excavations near the pool of Siloam at Jerusalem. This, together with the Mesa stone, forms the oldest specimen of Hebrew writing, dating probably from the seventh century B. C. Today, it forms the basis for determining the trend of development in Hebrew script.

From things of scientific interest, we next hurried to those more popular. A visit to Constantinople without a visit to the Grand Bazaar would be a failure. The Grand Bazaar is simply a highly concentrated market place; simple! What a way to put it! In one section of Stamboul, almost completely under cover, the merchants and salesmen have their stores, large and small. Miles of streets wind and interwind through this region, making of it a perfect maze. Some of the streets are so narrow, that barely three persons can pass abreast. Other more important avenues of traffic are, of course, wider. Here, there are distinct quarters given over to separate commodities. In one place, the visitor sees shop after shop selling carpets, then another series of shops selling clothing, then another series given over to the sale of jewelry, and so on. The more central avenues, evidently better patronized by tourists, have salesmen versed in all the modern languages, bowing invitingly at their doorways, and extending a cordial invitation to the visitor at least to view their stock. Uneven streets, jostling but colorful pedestrians, the clamor of many languages, the color of the displays, the mysterious shadows in the narrower lanes; everything bespeaks the Orient. And the visitor is loath to hurry.

Back to the Galata bridge and over it to Pera. Then dinner in a Turkish restaurant. Best features, the wine and the fine Turkish coffee served at the end. Refreshed, we set out on the second phase of our visit. Boarding one of the excursion steamers we had seen speeding by us during our arrival the previous evening, we set out on an afternoon's trip up the Bosphorus. The steamer seemed at least as commodious as the excursion boats in America and the conveniences for sightseeing seemed even better. At any rate, we chose the best places well up in front, and found that our nearest neighbors were a crowd of Turkish boys from some military academy. These, filled with the

excitement of a day out of school, soon began to regale the passengers with a number of their school songs. One song in honor of Mustapha Kemal Pasha, sung with unusual enthusiasm, gained the unanimous applause of all visitors on board and was rendered again and again.

At the extremity of the Bosphorus, the steamer crossed the entrance into the Black Sea, swung around toward the opposite shore and began the return trip. On this lap of the journey we were able to see the famous Robert College, also the ruins of the fortifications used long ago to defend Constantinople. The sun set before we had come again within sight of the city; a glorious sunset of red and gold. Then a brief twilight followed by night. Our boat made a number of stops, sometimes at hotels along the water-front, on which occasions we were treated to short concerts from Turkish orchestras playing for the diners. At one stop, the music seemed unusually familiar. When the steamer had finally come to a full stop, immediately opposite a fine, modern restaurant, we discovered that the music was American popular music. It was only popular music and not too well rendered at that, but it did sound welcome in that part of the world.

The wind blew stronger in the evening, and our trip by skiff out to the steamer was not without a few thrills. But fatigued travelers do not mind thrills. The steamer seems too much like home, too welcome, to bother about a few inconveniences in getting to it. Late dinner, courteously held for us by the considerate French maitre d'hotel, and all members of the party returned to the deck-chairs to discuss the events of the crowded day, and to drink once more the beauties of the scene beneath the silver rays of the full moon.

Historic changes of momentous import may change details of Constantinople; peoples may wage bitter combat over its possession as they did in the centuries that have fled, religious strife may add its deadly acrimony to the natural bitterness of warfare; but the city on the Golden Horn will ever remain in our memories at least, what admiring writers have termed it, the Pearl of the Orient.

Do good to thy friend to keep him, to thy enemy to gain him.

He that would live in peace and ease,
Must not speak all he knows, nor judge all he sees.

Pardoning the bad is injuring the good.

A Splendid Life

FRANCIS AUTH, C.Ss.R.

Saint Clement Maria Hofbauer. A Biography. By Rev. John Hofer, C.Ss.R., translated from the Third German Edition by Reverend John Haas, C.Ss.R. Publishers: Frederick Pustet Co. Inc., New York and Cincinnati.

What! The life of a saint! No better novel ever written! No hero ever tried harder to reach the goal of success, than Saint Clement labored and toiled to accomplish the two-fold purpose of his life. Only the last page of his life's story, like the proverbial last chapter of the novel, gives to the reader the assurance, that the Saint's efforts were crowned with success. Following our hero's frequent failures we find a most promising future opening up in the life of the Saint, and sympathetically we begin to breathe easily because of the almost certain favorable outcome this time. Again, all ends in dismal failure and in exasperation we close the book with a bang—only to open it directly and once again to admire the hero and follow him in his next attempt.

Did any young man ever try harder for the priesthood than this apprentice of a baker? Thrice did he cross the Alps; thrice did he start to work in a bakery; thrice did he don the hermit's garb before he could stand at the altar of the Most High, robed in the sacred vestments that were only a day-dream for many long years. Having reached this ambition of his life by becoming a member of the newly founded Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, his next great ambition was to transplant this same Congregation beyond the Alps. Involuntarily we think of Saint Paul's travels made memorable by perils of all kinds, by personal abuse, by exile, by imprisonment: for Saint Clement endured all. We find him in Rome, Vienna, Warsaw; we meet him in Switzerland, Baden, Bavaria and Wallachia: today in a dilapidated house—tomorrow driven to the streets; today before the court—tomorrow in prison; today with twenty companions—tomorrow with none!

Like Saint Paul, he was a hard working saint, as his "Perpetual Mission" alone, conducted for ten years in Warsaw, amply proves. Five sermons were preached every morning, Father Hofbauer himself taking the last Mass (a High Mass), and sermon every day at ten o'clock; afternoon instructions were given daily for the children, and

confessions were heard every day far into the night. His human traits are not passed over silently and what we read in his characterization is quite consoling for souls struggling with self.

Still working against odds, as a man of wonderful faith, for the accomplishment of the one ambition of his life, we find him engaged as an humble chaplain of nuns; then again we meet him as the central figure in a group of literary men and women; we hear him as the wonderful preacher of Vienna; we read of his great success in making many notable converts. At the great Congress of Vienna we find him consulted by the Papal Nuncio, by Bishops and Princes, by leaders and representatives of all European countries—and yet, he seems powerless to reach the one great aim of his life, the establishment of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer this side of the Alps.

Unwittingly perhaps, he prepares the way by becoming the main support of the Catholic Movement, which set in after the great Congress in Vienna, among the literati and highly educated members of the nobility. After the Saint's death many of these became members of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, which fact made our hero's long cherished dream a reality. The climax in the life-story of our Saint is finally reached, when by a marvelous disposition of Divine Providence, the decree admitting the Congregation into Austria was signed by the Emperor Francis on the very day of the Saint's death!

The author of this wonderful life has a fascinating style and carries you along in a tireless way, making you more and more anxious to see the outcome of so many failures. The life loses nothing of its charm in its English dress. The translator has deserved well of those who cannot enjoy reading the original. The author presents a very telling picture by introducing ample historical data of those troublesome days, showing us what a misfortune it is when the ruler of the state undertakes to be the Church's "Sacristan."

Spring bursts this Easter-day,
For Christ is risen and all the earth's at play. (Rossetti.)

Ere you remark another's sin,
Bid your own conscience look within!

Men and Steel

MILL TOWN MARTYRS

J. R. MELVIN, C.Ss.R.

Tim O'Shane knew steel and Father McDool knew men. Each was expert in his line. But both the priest and the boss-roller had come to the end of the ways and stark failure seemed to be all the harvest that life had yielded. Not that Tim O'Shane was an old man. Ah, that's what hurt Tim the most—he was only thirty and yet the way to progress was barred. Father McDool was no longer interested in progress—he had come to the age where a man finds all the joy of life in sweet repose—repose sweetened by the memory of great things done. And forty years of priesthood found Father McDool with neither time for repose nor consoling memories. In fact, that's what hurt Father McDool the most: an old man, nothing done, and the way to progress barred.

Shepherd and sheep. Funny, wasn't it, that God had confronted both of them with the same problem and filled their souls with the same fretting discontent with never a chance of either of them finding out about it. For neither of them was much given to talking about himself. Not because they had never met; they had many meetings. Big "Handsome Tim," though married and the daddy of three—the oldest of these nine—was the leading light of St. Patrick's Literary Circle, and Father McDool, despite his many other cares, too many cares for an old priest, was coach and director and stage manager and sometimes author of the plays that the same Literary Circle produced in the parish hall. So they came often together and talked over many, many things. But while the Shepherd knew the life-story he did not know the heart-story of this sheep, and the sheep never dreamed that the heart of his shepherd burned within him in his sheer misery of failure.

And yet, nobody but themselves would have called either one of them a failure. They had gone far, each one of them, in his own particular line—as far as either of them could reasonably be expected to go. To be Boss-roller in the steel mills at thirty, without the help of influence from within the General Offices, but by dint of sheer ability,

was honor enough for any man; such would have been the judgment of each and all the men who had watched Tim O'Shane go to work as water-boy at the age of thirteen and rise to be Boss-roller at thirty. But to be the best Boss-roller that Pennsylvania had ever produced was more honor than any man could reasonably hope to attain before he was sixty. But Tim O'Shane was not only Boss-roller at thirty, he was the best Boss-roller Pennsylvania had ever produced, or so, at least, all who knew his work and his knowledge of steel proclaimed. Tim's rolls were always set just right—uncanny seemed his eye that called on his calipers only to verify what that eye had measured unaided. Tim O'Shane's rolls never slipped; there was no double work for his men. A driver he was, every inch of him, but then men are willing, nay even like to be driven when the fruit of the driving is more money and less work. And the "big guys" consulted Tim. Technical training they might have; scientific knowledge and a string of letters denoting degrees, behind their names. But Tim knew steel, knew it by instinct—said the Big Men. The test crucibles in Work's Order might say what they would, but if Tim's verdict disagreed, said crucibles and their scientific wielders were given the lie direct. Tim knew; how he knew no one knew; and everybody in the steel works from Erie to Philadelphia and Pittsburgh and Steelton knew that Tim O'Shane knew steel and came to consult him. So men said; and they were men who knew that no matter who else came or went, no matter how much old methods might yield to new, Tim O'Shane had a job as Boss-roller for life—and he was only thirty. Up against a steel wall—that was it. For, be it known that Boss-roller is the absolute ultimate in progress in the mill for the men without a college education. He may be able to teach college graduates more about steel than they could learn in a lifetime. The General Manager may consult him and take his verdict as final in all that concerns steel and steel-making—but rise above Boss-roller—it simply isn't done.

But then Boss-roller had its compensations as a job. The pay-envelope of a boss-roller is oftentimes higher than the envelope of a Superintendent. His work is not the tug and tussle of the shearman, the heater, the roller. Your boss-roller works principally with his eyes. The roll-sheet gives him his orders—tells him just what grade of steel is coming through from the blooming-mills and heating furnaces and tells him also just what he is to make of it. His eye tells him his orders. His eye tells him to the one-thousandth of an inch just when the

rolls are set right to turn out what the order sheet calls for: rails or channel or beam or billets. A pair of calipers, a notebook and pencil are his implements, and if he designs to wield a hammer, his job lends dignity to that lowly tool, for he swings it only in gentle taps here and there to block or gadget or roll, to adjust these things to scientific accuracy. His eye, too, tells him all that has gone before in each piece of steel that flashes and winds and booms and thunders and writhes through the paths he has set for it until it hisses protestingly under the hot saw and is shunted unceremoniously onto the hot beds to cool.

But the eyes of Tim O'Shane had seen more in life than the glow of steel. Rosy dreams had he dreamed, this Boss-roller of thirty—dreams of culture and success that had nothing to do with steel. And the sharp eyes of blue, that missed nothing that goes into the making of steel from the blast furnaces to the flat cars that bore away the finished product, had glimpsed and held many other things from life that had been glimpsed only to be stored away for future reference. Some of the things his eyes had glimpsed Tim claimed for his very own. Instance first, his glimpses of the process of making good steel, and secondly, his glimpse of Annie McQueen, which resulted in the said Annie's surrender of herself to the lure of blue-eyed Tim and the resultant binding of herself to said Tim "for better, for worse until death do us part." His eyes had learned to not only glimpse but to ponder and master the contents of countless books. Had these books been books on steel, Tim's education in scientific knowledge might indeed have graduated him from the ranks of men who wield calipers and notebooks, though clad in grimy jumpers and heavy flannels of the toiler, into the select coteries of white collar men who boss the caliper wielders not by force of superior knowledge but through the patent royal of college degrees and technical knowledge. But down in his heart Tim O'Shane, who had been raised on and with steel, hated and detested steel with loathing unspeakable.

So no books on steel were in Tim's curriculum. Nor did he waste much time in studying men of steel. To reveal his secret at last—to open for inspection the canker that gnawed at his soul—Tim O'Shane longed to be an actor and Destiny had made him only "Boss-roller." It was books on dramatics that Tim devoured and mastered whenever he could lay hands on them. It was the men of the stage Tim devoured with his eyes, eyes that mastered their mimicry, whenever opportunity to view them knocked at his door. In fact, friend Tim often made

opportunity for himself by taking valuable time and money to travel to Pittsburgh to view the stars of theaterdom whenever a new star gleamed on the horizon of the Smoky City. And Tim not only viewed the stars, he knew them and understood them and, fabulous as it may seem, could more than imitate them. And so tragedy had entered into the life of Tim O'Shane. He wanted to be a star on the stage and was merely the best steel man in Pennsylvania. Now, mind you, 'twas no tragedian Tim wanted to be. Not the slightest jealousy had he for Barrymores, and Keanes, and Hacketts. Tim O'Shane longed to be a comedian. O the irony of fate! Nature had endowed this six feet of brawn with feet as nimble as a fawn's, with a merry voice as melodious as a lute, with a sense of the ridiculous keen as a sword, and a power of mimicry that out-aped the ape. Then, instead of the cap and bells, Destiny had given him calipers and a notebook. Instead of setting him behind the footlights to chase dull care away from chuckling thousands, she had set him down as presiding genius over sweating, toiling hundreds, where the lights of flashing sparks gleamed—and mocked him. And he who wanted to make men laugh and preside over the realms of fun, turned out huge steel girders to form the framework of mighty buildings that housed only tragedy, or rails over which sped the nation's commerce, or armor-plate for tragic battleships, or billets, from which would be made rifle-barrels and bayonets. By reason of early environment and years of practice a steel-maker, by nature and inclination a jester—Tim O'Shane was a misfit, a comedian playing a tragic role.

'Twas just the opposite with Father McDool. And that is the secret of his hidden sorrow, that made the priest and the toiler partners in discouragement. Good Father McDool longed to play a dignified part in the drama of soul-saving and Providence had sent him a low comedy part at the end of life, just when he should have been taking the final curtain 'mid thunderous applause.

Pastor Polyglot was he with his Lithuanians and Slavs and Italians and Mexicans and Poles—to say nothing of his Irish and Americans. By nature and inclination he was of genteel cast. Literature, art, architecture, music—all held vast appeal for him. He might have built grand Cathedrals, but the sole monuments to his memory would be a rambling country church or two and parochial schools where patient Sisters taught the children of miners and steel-workers the rudiments of knowledge before the little ones entered mine or mill. Nature had played a cruel trick on Father McDool—no less cruel than the deed she had done to

Tim O'Shane. Nature had given Father McDool the soul of an idealist, the mind of a poet and artist, but had endowed him with the body of a Sandow. Poets, literateurs and artists should be pale thin beings, with piteous eyes and scanty locks. But Father McDool was six feet two inches of brawn. His locks were far from scanty; in fact, they were black, curly and luxuriant. No pale ascetic countenance was his, but rubicund and jolly. Men of his stamp of physical perfection were needed up in the front-line trenches of the diocese, even though said front-line trenches did happen to be backwoods steel and mining towns. Hardships and even want had to be met by mill-town pastors of the decade just gone. So of hardships and want Father McDool had had more than his share—giving way as he had half a dozen times to more delicate men, just as he had succeeded in putting Holy Mother Church on at least comfortable foundations, to hie himself off to some other new town or mine settlement. Father McDool hadn't minded that so much, for he was a real soldier of Christ—in fact, had longed to be a martyr when he set out to be a priest. So he was content if God and the Bishop decided his martyrdom should consist of hard work in the heyday of his vigor. But he was an old man now and experience had crowded his memory with a thousand and one facts and incidents which would, he felt, be of inestimable value to succeeding generations—had he only time to commit them to paper. Then surely a priest, an old priest, should have a chance to taste the more refined things of life in the evening of his days.

Of course, never for a moment did Father McDool believe he should spend his days in idleness. A priest should do the work of Christ till the very moment of his death. But then there was work—and work. He felt he was wasted in his present surroundings. Had not his first three years in the priesthood in the episcopal city—yes, as a curate in the Cathedral itself—shown him to be fitted for the higher, nobler things of life? He had had works published—not only poems but a thoughtful article or two on present-day needs of the Church. Men of ability as critics had praised his work. Dramatics had claimed more than a passing attention from him. He had met great actors and many of them remained his friends even to the present day. Finance he had always reveled in, and his knowledge of the fine arts was not to be scorned. And the old Bishop had sent him out to start a parish in a mining-town as his first pastoral assignment! Many who knew the sterling ability of the young priest, had protested to the Bishop and

had consoled with Father McDool. But Father McDool had hushed them grandly. "Such things must be expected in the life of a young priest," he had said. "A man must garner experience in the rough ways and the small responsibilities in order to equip himself for higher things."

But now he had been gathering experience for more than thirty-five years and he felt if his life were not to be utter failure it was high time to begin to reap the harvest of that vast experience. But the old Bishop had sent him forth to do battle in the trenches and the young Bishop, who had been curate to Father McDool the only time the latter had ever had a curate, persisted in keeping him in the trenches. Time and time again had Father McDool taken concursus for a better parish, as the episcopal examinations for parishes are called by the clergy. But applications and examinations alike had been ignored by authority and Father McDool had been shifted from pioneer parish to pioneer parish while younger men and less brilliant men had been promoted to the large city parishes.

Now, in his declining years, Father McDool found himself, to his own mind, feeling as out of place as a maestro of Grand Opera would feel if assigned to play a street-piano. He the poet, the ascete, the artist, the dilettante, found his days occupied and his nights harried by cares for the spiritual and the temporal welfare of a group of polyglot Catholics! O! the irony of it! To preach to men and women who could hardly understand English, instead of unravelling knotty philosophical and theological problems, to have to teach and explain the Catechism to children; instead of discussing poetry, art and music with the elite, to converse with grimy men from the steel mills and mines and their drab spouses about the output of coal, the amount of water in the mines, the tonnage of beams and rails rolled that week, the high cost of vegetables or the epidemic of measles! And at that it would not be so bad, if there were only some visible fruit of the work, but what had he, Father McDool, to show for his forty years of priesthood? A few postals and an occasional box of cigars from faithful, grateful souls at Christmas, the friendship of a handful of workmen and their wives, the respectful and adoring affection of little children and one or other vocation of chosen souls among his flock to the religious or priestly life! Truly, a meager harvest for a priest who had longed to kindle the world with love for Christ!

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So there they were in the little steel-town, which for purposes of our story, which is of two actual characters, shall remain nameless. Father McDool, the man with the aesthetic soul, a tragedian playing a comedy-role in the drama of man's salvation, and Tim O'Shane, a comedian at heart, full of quips and dancing and laughter and song, playing perforce a leading role in the drama of steel.

* * * * *

They met frequently, the pair—the priest to whom life, his life at least, seemed farce and comedy, and the burly Boss-roller whose laughter had been stifled by bands of steel. Father McDool's love for dramatics had organized the Literary Society, a *nom-de-guerre* for the only outlet allowed the good priest for his literary and dramatic talent. The club was good, better than most amateurs and as good as many professionals, thanks to the able coaching of the priest and the assistance of now and then a professional Thespian who came down from Pittsburgh to help Father McDool. And Tim O'Shane, of course, played the comedy roles. But the Literary Circle staged plays four times a year only and the interim between plays was dull, drab, drear monotony for priest and Boss-roller.

* * * * *

Father McDool's sense of the dramatic had made his Lenten courses far-famed. This year's course had been no exception. Wonderfully, painfully, yet withal touchingly had he led his congregation step by step through the Passion and had left them on Palm Sunday waiting at the foot of the Cross for the sermon of Good Friday, which would picture the last great Act in the Drama of Salvation. Easily could his parishioners imagine what would be the climax and its effects on their souls—the dying Christ on the Cross, dying for the ungrateful human race! Our miserable sins and God's great mercy! How we should love Jesus Crucified! Ah, yes! they had heard that sermon often, but they loved it and longed for Good Friday to come. It was so consoling.

Strange, isn't it, the effect Holy Week has on our souls! No two Holy Weeks seem just exactly alike. God has special ways of dealing with us at special times. Father McDool's people did not hear his melodramatic sermon on the Crucifixion. The reason they did not was that God went down into the soul of Father McDool during Holy Week and Father McDool stood up on Good Friday and told, unconsciously, just what God had seen and said in his soul. "Because thou sayest I am rich and made wealthy and have need of nothing; and knowest not

that thou art miserable and wretched and poor and blind and naked!" "Pagan wealth, these talents of thine, O Father McDool! And whence do they come? 'Thinkest thou I cannot ask my Father and He will give me presently more than twelve legions of angels?' 'What need have I of thee?' 'He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world, keepeth it unto life eternal. If any man minister unto me let him follow me; and where I am there also shall my minister be.'"

"Where I am there also shall my minister be." Poor Father McDool asked himself: "And where art Thou, Lord?" And the answer: "Thirty years hidden away at Bethlehem and Nazareth. Three years wandering and preaching among the poor, the ignorant, the stiff-necked. Finally nailed to the Cross, with a handful only of disciples to show for Thy life-work, dying abandoned, despised and derided. And I? I ask a different lot and fret beneath Thy yoke! O! Jesus, let Thy minister be where Thou wert."

Father McDool really preached no sermon that Good Friday. He simply talked from his heart on the glorious tragedy of failure and painted in plain, sincere words to his people the analogy of their lives and Christ's. "Thirty years Our Lord spent in obscurity, poverty and drudgery, my people, to teach the most precious lesson His life holds for men, the patient bearing of the Cross, absolute submission to the Holy Will of God, not in the paths you would select were the choosing left to you, but in the pathway God Himself has traced. Who knows, mayhap among you tonight is one who might have made a great name for himself in other paths of life, but God has made him a miner, a steel-worker, and set him down in a humble home in a little town to lead to Heaven himself and his family." So the good priest went on. His people had loved his former Good Friday sermons, but they remembered every word of this sermon. A man who speaks what is in his heart, steals into other hearts, and takes them captive for God. Poor Tim O'Shane of the steel mills sat there silent. But Tim O'Shane and his pastor, both, laid their hearts at the foot of the Cross that Good Friday night. And with the laying down, or rather offering up of longings, came peace: "My peace I give unto you. My peace I leave unto you."

The fruit of sacrifice is renunciation. And the Good Friday sacrifice of pastor and sheep strengthened them for the renunciation each of them was to make. For Tim it came with the Easter play of the

Dramatic Circle. Father McDool had chosen for that occasion a clean musical comedy by a famous author, whose productions Broadway was proud to feature. The author had not only given Father McDool full right to use the production free of royalty, but in the delight of his masterpiece, which had been off the boards some years, signified his intention of being present and watching St. Patrick's players in the play of which he himself had once been the star. Tim played the part the author had created for himself and played it so wonderfully that the author was amazed.

At the social after the play the great author mingled with the cast. He sought out Tim O'Shane and asked where he had learned stage technique. "From watching others at the theater," was the quiet reply. The author wasted no time in empty compliments but made O'Shane an offer, which staggered the Boss-roller by its munificence. His life's ambition was within his grasp—he would not have to tread the weary way that faces most beginners. Broadway success was his to accept or renounce. And Tim renounced it. "I might consider your offer," said he, "if it were not that I have a wife and family. I can support them here in comfort and I'm sure of their surroundings. The atmosphere is Catholic and pure, even if the air is heavy with smoke and grime. I couldn't be sure of my kids in New York. So, thanks for the offer, Mr. C.; but I guess God is better satisfied to have me remain just a Boss-roller."

For Father McDool the opportunity for renunciation came in a letter from the Bishop offering him a place in his Council, together with the pastorate of a large city parish. And Father McDool replied, grateful for the recognition and confidence given him by the Bishop, but pleading that old age and lack of experience in handling great affairs rendered it imperative that he be allowed to pass the remainder of his days in the little steel town. And the Bishop allowed him to remain.

So all the martyrs aren't in China. God found two of them in a steel-works town. Neither of them knows he is a martyr. But when the books are opened to show those who were crucified for Christ, way up on the list, we are sure will be names of a mill town priest and a Boss-roller: Father McDool and Tim O'Shane.

A loafer's idea of happiness: Nothing to do and lots of time to do it in!

CARDINAL HAYES SPEAKS

"Failure to understand Christ and his teachings is one of the greatest evils of today. This lack of understanding is the cause of internal and international troubles, of racial problems, the explanation of intolerance, hatred and selfishness. Christ Our Lord was misunderstood by those closest to Him while He was living.

"So we must ask for the supernatural gift of intellect, of understanding. And when we have it, how clearly we can differentiate between what is for Him and what is against Him."

"We are confronted with a strange attitude on the part of the world towards the Church. How seldom is the Catholic Church understood? We are misunderstood, we are misrepresented, we are calumniated. Much of it comes from ignorance, much from malice."

"The Catholic Church is misunderstood as to her authority, her history, her chartered rights, her doctrine. She is not only misunderstood by those outside the Church, but oftentimes by her own.

"We are tested in regard to our faith by our acts. Does the teaching of Christ our Lord prevail in our lives? Are we not oftentimes influenced against our holy faith by public sentiment, the public press, and the trend of the times? We accept their dictum, their pronouncement rather than the preaching of the Lord Himself.

"We will never understand the Church until we understand that it is Christ Our Lord living among us. The story of the Church has been a tempestuous one from the beginning and it will be till the end.

"The Church at one time was almost ruined by the scandals of her children. Then again she appeared to be almost overthrown by political influence. But the bark of Peter stays above the waves because Christ Our Lord rides on the storm.

"The sign of the Cross over the Church is a beacon of hope and a benediction to all mankind. May we ask of you to give undying loyalty to the Church? What she does she does by the authority of Christ."

Weighty questions ask for deliberate answers.

To be humble to superiors is duty, to equals courtesy, to inferiors nobleness.

Catholic Anecdotes

Rambling On Christ's Highway

MANHATTAN MEMORIES

The restless rabble. The Broadway Subway: a Franciscan nun saying her beads; a priest with his breviary; a Hebrew with his Yiddish paper; a business man with the latest stock market report.

Forty-second Street. The traffic cop's: "Good afternoon, Father." The Actors' Church: a dozen kneeling in adoration, visiting God after the matinees. Some White Souls on the Great White Way after all.

Fifth Avenue and the fashion parade. A Madonna in an art shop, in one corner of the window; Pan and his Pipes in the other. St. Patrick's Cathedral; throngs of worshipers, silent, kneeling.

Central Park. A nurse-girl with two children of the wealthy; East-side urchins perched on trees with watchful eyes on a distant policeman; "Hello, Fadder!"

Second Avenue. The Italian Church; young girls kneeling; an old woman with a gay silk handkerchief for head-covering lighting a candle to the Madonna.

So home with clean hearts—and finding lovers of the King everywhere!

* * * * *

Two o'clock in the morning and the bell rang its summons. Hasty donning of scanty clothing: a sick-call, of course. The door, opened at first cautiously—still barred by a precautionary chain from swinging open wide. An officer in uniform. Door wide open. "Hurry up, Father, bring everything needed for two dying men! Two of our boys shot by a thug. Hurry! Hurry! For God's sake, Hurry! They are just two blocks away." A hurried preparation. Then away in a recklessly speeding auto.

"Are you a Catholic, Officer?" "No, Father, I'm Jewish. But I know Catholic cops want a priest before the Doctor."

Too late; an ambulance is speeding away. No—look! Here are three other members of the clergy and a fourth hurrying up. The

Italian priest got there in time. One officer died a moment after Viaticum; the other on the way to the hospital.

* * * * *

Hester Street in the Ghetto. Nine o'clock, Christmas eve. Fifteen ragged boys and a priest with them. Sixty dollars in his pocket and the boys need everything. They won't get it, of course. Even in Hester and Canal Streets things are not that cheap.

A clothing store; wholesale, retail and manufacturing. Boys follow in to get out of the rain. Two foreigners, haggling over prices, firmly ushered OUT.

"What can I do for you, Father? Oh, I see; the boys need suits." A protest from the priest: "I just wanted to price a suit or two." An order to the clerks: "Here, Morris, Abe, Moses! Fit these boys with nice suits and overcoats." More vehement protest from the priest.

"Say, Father, I understand you are fitting up these poor kids for Christmas—yes? Just how much money have you?" A shamefaced reply: "Only sixty dollars." A laugh from the proprietor. "Go ahead, Morris! The blue and brown suits and the gray overcoats." Then to the priest: "Here, Father; when you are finished here, go over to 110. A friend of mine will fit the boys with stockings and collars and underwear. Too bad I can't help out on shoes."

"But, my dear man, I have only sixty dollars!" Another laugh. "That's right: fifteen suits and overcoats—just sixty dollars! My friend will charge the other stuff: collars and so forth, to me. I'll phone him while you are on your way."

An astonished priest—deliriously joyous boys. "Good bye, Father. Ask your children to say a prayer for a poor old Jew."

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WORTH TRYING

The secret of keeping one's temper is to prevent the voice from rising in anger, Joseph Jastrow, professor of psychology, University of Wisconsin, told Northwestern University students in an address recently.

It is a very simple means, and if it can help to keep us from making fools of ourselves, as we usually do when we lose our temper, it is worth trying.

Pointed Paragraphs

"IF I BE LIFTED UP"

"And I," said Our Lord in reference to His death, "if I be lifted up shall draw all things to Myself."

This may be verified in its own way and proportion, in regard to the image of our Crucified Saviour in the home. Josephine MacDonald, in *Columbia*, very beautifully and pertinently, says:

"There cannot be pettiness in the home that shows a crucifix. There cannot be bitterness. There cannot be anger before the picture of Infinite Patience, nor greed before that Sacrifice. Pride must crumble to humility, and lust must cool ashamed. There can be neither bickering nor sullenness, nor selfish insistence in the face of the supreme generosity of Christ; nor sloth before the magnitude of the work of opening Heaven's gates.

"There must be love and its peace in the home that shows the symbol of the greatest love that man hath known."

Is the crucifix visible in your home?

HOLD TO THE NORTH STAR

"In modern days we have a new theory. They think it's new, but it's as old as oppression. They call it progressivism. The Government undertakes to regulate the personal conduct of individuals."

"Modern lawgivers are trying to do by statute what has to be done by the Church, the school and the home—and they fail. We must in this country get back to the first principles. Leave to the mother and the father that which belongs to the mother and the father—leave to the private citizen that which belongs to the private citizen—leave to the school that which belongs to the school, and leave to the Church that which belongs to the Church. For, if you ever begin interference, where will you end?"

"There must be laws to prevent crime but no law—no human law—ever made a decent man in the world. If the statute law was

all that prevented us from ever stealing, we'd all be in jail and we'd steal the jail."

"You know there are people willing to excommunicate a man because of his blood—the place of his birth—the altar before which he worships. I say to you mark well that you guard the extreme boundaries of liberty. Once you break it down by easy stages these advances will be carried into the spiritual and intellectual worlds."

"I'm warning you, young men, that you can do no better work for your country than to get the old ship of state back on the high seas with her prow pointed to the north star of individual liberty and hold her there forever."—*Senator James A. Reed.*

COURAGE IS CONTAGIOUS

A midshipman in the navy was so terrified by the volleys of the enemy's musketry in his first battle that he fainted. His superior officer approached the trembling lad and, taking his hand, said:

"Courage, my boy! You will recover in a minute or two! I was just so when I went into my first battle."

Later the midshipman said it was "as if an angel had come to him and put new strength into him."

Courage is contagious. Those who have it can easily pass it on to others.

BE YOURSELF

It is well to be reminded that, no matter who we may be, we have something to contribute to the common good. God has left no one without his talent. William Heyliger, writing in *Columbia*, illustrates this thought beautifully thus:

"If you believe in a thing stand up for it. If you support a principle, give it all you have to give. If you think a thing is wrong, do not waver if you find that sentiment is against you. Sincerity cannot bargain, and barter, and trade. The weakling will shift and veer with every puff of wind, but the strong upstanding lad of honest convictions will stand by his beliefs.

"When all is said and done, you cannot make a bar of iron out of a feather. You cannot with success, be anybody but yourself. You are you. You cannot be Tom, or Jim, or Jack, while you are you.

And the full measure of the foolishness that lies behind trying to be somebody else, was brought to me strongly by two boys who happened to speak to me on the same day.

"Said Bill in the morning:

" 'I wish I could be like Don. He's head over heels into everything, always doing something, always on the go, always having the crowd at his heels.'

"That same afternoon Don said to me:

" 'I admire Bill a lot. I'd like to mold myself along his lines. He's calm and reserved, and all the fellows have a lot of faith in his judgment. He gives you the impression that he thinks over and knows what he's about.'

"So it all gets down to this,—

"Be yourself!"

AN INCALCULABLE LOSS

Woman today boasts that she has won equal rights and greater independence. Has she ever stopped to weigh what she has lost? A writer in the *Queen's Work*, states the matter plainly and forcibly:

"Our age is rapidly losing its respect for women. Men are losing it. Girls are laughed at by college comic papers. Women are exposed shamelessly on stage and magazine covers; they are expected to pay with special privileges for the parties they attend; pure women are sneered at and feminine virtue frankly doubted.

"Women are losing it. If the women take it for granted when privileges are demanded, that that is the price they must pay for popularity,—if they laugh at an unclean play for fear they will be frowned upon by their escorts,—if during the revue or the movie they sit calmly while their sisters are required to sing filthy songs or disport themselves shamelessly,—they have lost respect for their own womanhood."

And the writer adds this solemn exhortation:

"Respect women because of the fairest of women, Mary, who is disgraced by every woman who disgraces herself and by every man who disgraces a woman. Respect women for the sake of your own mothers. Respect women for the sake of future mothers, future nuns, future wives."

WHAT LIFE HAS TAUGHT HIM

Judge Gary, the steel magnate, now in his eightieth year, gives some advice to young people. It is what life has taught him during his eighty years. It reveals to us again that the spiritual values of life are, after all, the most enduring. If youth would only learn!

"It takes age," says Judge Gary, "to give one the proper perspective of life. There should be no dread about approaching old age if life has been properly lived. If we had with youth and the middle days the knowledge that comes with the graying years, all of us would lead kindlier and more self-sacrificing lives.

"Life, after all, is largely a matter of memories, and with the latter years according to the life we had led, they become more and more, a solace or a gibe.

"The qualities that make for success I might sum up as being study, thought and work. That is the success trinity.

"If one will read and study the Bible, the book that never has been and never will be discredited, so far as its essential doctrines are concerned, one will be more and more astonished with the accounts of blessings bestowed upon or punishments administered to the ancients when pursuing a right or wrong course."

There is something to think about in this.

LOSING OUR SMILE

It is a small thing. But we cannot afford to lose it. It means too much in a life.

Dan Crawford, the Scotchman who for thirty-four years lived and taught as a missionary in Africa, said:

"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own smile?"

Crawford once showed some Africans a two-shilling piece, and they spoke of the face on the metal as "the face that never smiled." If we think of nothing but gold, there will result a hardening of our hearts and the smile on our faces will disappear.

Dan Crawford pleaded for the true idealism of life. He could think of no greater tragedy than that a man should gain the whole world and lose his smile.

Our Lady's Page

Our Lady of Perpetual Help

IN DANGERS OF FAITH

With the almost daily reports of student suicides and the more frequent reports of Paris divorces and the common reports of murders that grace our daily papers one is almost tempted to ask: Is God forgetting His people? Has God lost interest in the world?

God is not forgetting His people; they are forgetting Him. God is not losing interest in His world; His world is trying to lose the remembrance of Him. Such is the state of the world today.

To what is all this due? We hesitate to say, for the causes are numerous and multiple, though the present-day system of godless education is one of the chief causes.

Some Catholics, weak in the Faith, are only too prone to ape the manners and the morals of these degraded types and offer them in excuse of their own sinful actions. Others, likewise weak in Faith, are scandalized that the Church does not take a bolder stand in denouncing the rampant evils of the day. And still others, weak too in the Faith of their fathers, neglect their duties one after another because God does not interpose with a miracle in proof of the Divinity of His religion.

The Jews of old were like these weak Catholics; they aped the manners of their neighbors—till God punished them. The Pharisees were scandalized at Our Lord for working His miracles on the Sabbath. Some of the first followers of the Christ left Him because they found His teaching hard. So our weak brethren have their fore-runners even in the very chosen people of the pre-Christian era.

And like these Jews, Pharisees and early followers who left Christ, the weakness came not from the intimate knowledge they had of their own Faith, but from another reason: they failed to pray.

In the *Life and Times of St. Clement Mary Hofbauer*, we read of conditions not unlike those which confront us today. A breaking down of all barriers of restraint by the loss of Faith was the besetting sin

of the day. And St. Clement set himself almost single-handed to combat these evils and to remedy them.

He was a preacher of note. He used his God-given gift too. But what brought him the biggest results and the best consolations in his struggle for the Faith was his constant devotion to Our Blessed Lady. His Rosary was his constant companion. At home he prayed it when preparing one of his discourses. In the streets he prayed it, when hurrying to the bedside of the sick and the dying. In the parlor he prayed it, whilst listening to the doctrine of some of the most learned men of his day. It gave him the inspiration for the inevitable answer if the doctrine of the speaker was faulty. He preserved his own Faith, and restored the Faith to many a one who had lost this gift and treasure by this devotion to Mary. Others whose Faith had grown weak under the constant assaults of the infidel professors of the State Schools were made firm in their Faith by his advice and his prayer for them.

So we too, no matter what we think of the poor state of the morals today, may not only render our faith strong and unbending by devotion to Mary, but we may also help many another soul through the darkness of doubt to the light of true Faith. Mary will not allow that one devoted to her to be lost. She is called and is truly The Mother of Perpetual Help when our Faith is in danger.

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

"As I have just recovered from a serious illness with the help of Our Mother, I am sending a little token of appreciation. Kindly publish this in The Liguorian." Chicago.

"I wish to thank Our Lady of Perpetual Help for a temporal favor received through her intercession. Please publish in The Liguorian." Detroit.

Humility is founded on reverence; piety is conserved by it; purity finds in it its shield and buckler.

"We are all frail; but let us not think others more frail than ourselves."—*Imit.*

Learn to meet the trials of life with Rosary in hand.

Catholic Events

At the beginning of Lent, His Holiness Pope Pius XI, according to custom, received in audience the pastors and preachers of Rome. He urged them in their Lenten sermons to insist on three thoughts: (1) The development of a true idea of society and the functions of authority. (2) The dignity of human morals, which is being offended by dances and dress unworthy not only of Christians but of all men. (3) The necessity of prayer for peace in "great and glorious Mexico," for China, where Catholic interests are threatened, and for needs in other places where the honor of Christ is endangered.

* * *

More than 300 young working girls from the great industrial establishments of Rome, were received by Pope Pius in audience at the conclusion of their retreat. The Holy Father reminded them that example is the best sermon and that this method of teaching and preaching is open to them. He congratulated them on their realization of the value of a retreat and hoped that they would preserve with care its precious fruits. To accomplish this end, the Holy Father exhorted them to make a prayer of their work. He said:

"It takes very little effort to sanctify one's work. It is enough that a good intention directs the work towards God and keeps us united with Him; it suffices that the soul preserves itself from all those things which offend the heart of God, those things which offend virtue."

* * *

Under the title "The Martyrs of Leon," the Osservatore Romano, the official organ of the Vatican, brings the account of the death of six young men for the Faith in Mexico. They were members of the Union of Mexican Catholic Young Men and were put to death by the Mexican government on January 3. The account of their death reminds one forcibly of the days of the early Christian martyrs. The first was Joseph Gallardo. As he awaited execution he encouraged his comrades to be brave, and called upon Christ the King and on Our Lady of Guadeloupe. This enraged the executioners and they cut out his tongue before killing him. When his young wife showed him his only boy, he declared: "And if I had ten sons, I would leave them all for God."

The second to die was Salvador Vargas. His last words were: "For God and His Honor!" His mother asked for the corpse of her boy but was refused. Like the mother of the martyrs of old, she said: "They refused to give me my boy's body; but the body means nothing, as long as this very morning I recommended his soul to the Lord Jesus."

The third, Nicholas Navarro, who was known for his purity and charitableness, declared: "I long for death, because I know that the Lord wishes it for the salvation of our Fatherland." When his parents

saw his lifeless form, they said: "Son, pray for your parents and for your brothers and sisters, that they may follow your noble example; for you must now be in Paradise."

The burial of these young men turned into a triumphal march, for great crowds accompanied their mortal remains with fervent prayers. One man from the crowd praised the dead youths aloud and exhorted all present to follow the example of these lads who had died so gloriously.

* * *

The Mexican government has spent almost \$2,000,000 through its ambassadors at Washington and its Consul General in New York in a campaign to discredit President Coolidge and Secretary of State Kellogg, it is charged by Representative Gallivan of New York. He declared:

"They have subsidized preachers and professors to attack the President of the United States. They have financed hack writers to attack the President of the United States. They have underwritten radical, religious and uplift organizations of all varieties to circularize the country in defamation of our government. In general they have done anything that the corrupt use of money would assist them in doing to spread falsehoods throughout the country in the hope of confusing public opinion to the end that President Coolidge might be deterred from carrying out the identical policy initiated by Woodrow Wilson in protection of the rights of American citizens."

He cited one instance of misuse of diplomatic courtesy by Mexican officials. For the asking, he said, there could be obtained from the office of the Mexican Consul General, Elias, in New York, a "printed insult" to the American Secretary of State. From this document he quoted two sentences: "Secretary of State Kellogg has been connected as attorney with some of the corporations that now want action in Mexico. Mr. Kellogg, well nicknamed 'Nervous Nellie,' insults our intelligence and proves his utter unfitness for high office."

"Could evil ignorance conceive of a grosser insult from a consul to a nation that harbors him?" Mr. Gallivan asked.

* * *

Eleven Archbishops and Bishops of Canada in a public letter sent a message of cordial and affectionate sympathy to the Catholic hierarchy, the clergy and laity of Mexico in their persecution by the Calles Government, and expressed the sincere admiration of the Canadian prelates for the courage and valor of the Mexicans in their sufferings.

The Catholics of England, in a public meeting held at Manchester, voiced a similar protest against the Mexican persecution.

* * *

Cardinal Hayes has carried his campaign against crime a step farther in a plea that leaders of all religious faiths cooperate to bring religious instruction to children in public schools, outside of school hours. Bringing religion into the lives of all the young, His Eminence said, would act as the strongest check to crime among young people.

Cardinal Hayes made public, through his secretary for charities, an important report on "Probation and Delinquency," giving the results of a two-year study carried out under His Eminence's auspices. The survey was made by Edwin J. Cooley, Professor of criminology at Fordham University. It was read at a public meeting under the auspices of the Theta Pi Alpha, at which prominent non-Catholics as well as the Cardinal, were speakers.

Chief City Magistrate William McAdoo, a Presbyterian, in his speech declared: "All the great men of the United States have laid it down as an axiom that you can't govern any country without religion."

Msgr. Lavelle defended the plan, in effect in some places, of dismissing children a short time each week for religious instruction, asserting that it is not contrary to law. He also pleaded for cooperation among the churches. "We hear," he said, "of churches being empty, of educated boys committing suicide because they find life not worth living, and of the courts being full. Some of our learned judges tell us that this is due to lack of religion. We need—all of us—Protestant, Jew and Catholic—to work together."

* * *

Representatives of all the great Catholic societies of Austria met at Linz on March 19 to determine the fundamental outlines for the work of the General Action of Austria. The Catholic Action, which is now being inaugurated in all European countries, resembles in many respects the organization of The National Catholic Welfare Conference, with which the Catholics of America have set so fine an example to the entire Catholic world. In Austria it is intended to set up in the Catholic Central Office, which is to be the head of all diocesan committees, a number of sections devoted to religious life, Christian national education, the press, libraries, radio broadcasting, motion pictures, school affairs, juvenile welfare and charitable work.

* * *

Archbishop Rey of Tokyo, Japan, has canonically established in that city the first sisterhood exclusively for Japanese women. It is known as "The Sisters of the Visitation."

* * *

In the Congress of Catholic Youth held recently in Spain, representatives from all over Spain laid the foundations of the national organization of the Association of Spanish Catholic Youth. Henceforth in all dioceses and parishes of Spain, the young people will have their council for Catholic action. The sessions lasted five days and in that time all the problems of organization were solved. The existing groups were welded firmly together and new sections were formed.

* * *

Dr. Edward T. Devine, dean of the graduate school of American University (non-Catholic), in an address before the Men's Bible Class of the Mount Vernon Place Methodist Church South, of Washington, D. C., declared:

"The Catholic Church in Mexico has become the defender of religious freedom, and I hope it wins its battle."

Some Good Books

The Faith of the Gospel. By Rev. Michael Andrew Chapman. Published by B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis. \$1.75, net.

The author of these brief sermons for the Sundays of the Year is the editor of *The Acolyte*. The text is invariably taken from the Gospel of the day. Each sermon consists of a short introduction, three points that could easily be developed into parts of a longer sermon, and a peroration. The style is simple, straightforward, virile; the sentences short, yet full of meaning; the matter exceedingly practical.

An enumeration of subjects listed in the alphabetical index will convey an idea of the wealth of points touched upon in the sermons: Absolution, Abstinence, Advent, Almsgiving, Anger, Apostolate of the Laity, Authority; Banns of Marriage, Baptism, Beatific Vision, Bible, "Birth Control," Blessed Sacrament.

The Priest and His Mission. By Rt. Rev. D. I. Lanslots, O.S.B. Published by Frederick Pustet Co. \$2.00.

This is a book that deserves to be read by all interested in vocations to the Priesthood. The author proposes to give his readers the views of Cardinal Gennari on this subject so vital at the present day to all devoted children of the Church. The learned and justly esteemed Cardinal published the results of forty years of earnest investigation in a series of articles running through the "*Monitore Ecclesiastico*" from 1908 to 1916. They are eminently practical.

The Primitive Church. By Rev. D. I. Lanslots, O.S.B. Published by B. Herder Book Co. \$2.25 net.

The 295 pages of this book are crammed with interesting material. His defence of St. Peter's Primacy is particularly forcible and complete. We commend to the reader's attention the author's views regarding the Gift of

Tongues (page 26); the community of goods in the nascent church of Jerusalem (page 40); the details in the chapter on Mary, the Mother of Jesus (58-63); his views on the mission of St. James to Spain (page 112).

The Incarnation. Papers from the Summer School of Catholic Studies, held in Cambridge, England. Edited by Rev. C. Lattey S.J. Published by Herder Book Company, St. Louis. Price, \$2.25.

In eleven papers we are given here a good historical review of Catholic teaching on the Incarnation. Each paper is very carefully written by a master in his field. Those who have come in contact with the historical difficulties usually urged against Catholic teaching on this subject,—whether in the course of their reading, or in their contacts at the university or college,—will find this book very useful. It ought to be a welcome addition to every priest's library. A short but good bibliography adds to its value for the Catholic student.

Faith and the Act of Faith. By Rev. J. V. Bainvel, S. J. Translated from the third French edition by Leo C. Sterck. Published by Herder Book Co., St. Louis. Price, \$1.50.

"This little work is not meant to be a complete treatise on Faith," says the author in his preface. "It is rather to be a detailed study of one particular point, and as thorough as it has been possible to make it . . . the point in question is the psychology of Faith."

And this point, while it is of special and immediate interest to every student of theology, also enlists the attention of every intelligent Catholic. Unquestionably, what the world today largely misunderstands or ignores is Faith; what it needs is above all Faith; what youth at our secular universities is so often robbed of, is Faith. We must be grateful then for this scholarly treatise.

Lucid Intervals

A fond mother was exhibiting her fashionable flapper daughter to the new rector. "My daughter," she said, "could dress herself when she was but three years old."

"Well—er—do you think," asked the rector, shyly, "that her ability in that direction will ever return?"

A mule and a Ford are said to have met on the highway.

"And what might you be?" asked the mule.

"An automobile," answered the Ford, "and you?"

"I'm a horse," replied the mule.

And they both laughed.

"Throw up your hands, I'm going to shoot you."

"What for?"

"I always said if I ever met a man homelier than I, I'd kill him."

"Am I homelier than you?"

"You certainly are."

"Well then, go ahead and shoot."

Judge—So you and Mandy had some words before you struck her.

Mose—Not zackiv, Judge. Y'see Ah had some ready but Ah didn't git no chance t'use 'em or Ah nevah would a hit her, Judge.

He was a respected citizen, who had suffered a mental collapse. The fact was never mentioned in his presence by his friends, although they showed concern and solicitude for his health. To one such, asking after his health, he replied:

"You know, I've lost my mind; but I don't miss it."

"I've always heard a lot of stories about the Scotch not wanting to part with their money," remarked an undertaker, "but I never believed them till Sandy McKirk decided he was going to die and came to me to make arrangements."

"What was there about that to change your mind?" asked a friend.

"Sandy insisted on a shroud with a pocket in it."

Jimmy Perch was finning his way idly along through the piscatorial realm when he met Charlie Channel-cat.

"Did you hear the news?" panted Charlie, who seemed to be in a hurry.

"No—what?"

"Sammy Trout just dropped dead."

"What was it—heart trouble?"

"Well, shock—the same thing. He overheard a fisherman from whom he had got away telling how big he was."

"May I ask you a question, dad?" asked little Jack.

"Well, what is it?"

"Well, if the end of the world was to come when a man was up in an aeroplane where would he land when he came down?"

"Go to bed at once, sir!" roared his dad.

Boss: "Did you see the nasty look that salesman gave me?"

Stenog: "Aw, he didn't give it to you. You had it all morning."

An Irishman and an Englishman were standing on the deck of a steamer returning to their native lands. Watching the coast line the Irishman sighted the coast of Erin and shouted, "Hooray fer Ireland!"

"Horray, hell," said the Englishman in disgust.

"That's right," said Pat. "Ivry man fer his own country."

Two Irishmen, Pat and Mike, had been arguing religion, Pat contending there was no hell, heaven, nor hereafter, and Mike holding the contrary opinion. Now Pat died and Mike and his wife went to the funeral. When viewing the remains Mike burst out laughing. "Hush," said Mike's wife, "you mustn't laugh at a funeral. 'I can't help it,' Mike replied. 'Here's Pat all dressed up and no place to go.'"

My cow is very modest;

Since the day that she was born
She's 'tended to her business

And never blown her horn.

Redemptorist Scholarships

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